PS 2449
.M25
1855
Copy 1

6705

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. PS 2449

Shelf .M25

1855

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Miscellaneous Thoughts,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE.

BY MARQUIS B. MUNDELL.

Cincinnati:
PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,
Longley Brothers, Printers, 168½ Vine Street,
1855.

PS2449
.M25
1855

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855,

BY MARQUIS B. MUNDELL,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Ohio.

Preface.

It is with modest diffidence that we come before the public in this feeble effort to do good; and this is our whole desire; this, we believe should be the great aim of life.

It has been suggested that we write an autobiography. We do so, however, with modest delicacy. It is this: At a tender age, when our tongue had scarce begun to lisp, and our feet to walk, the hand of providence was wisely, and it may be, mercifully laid upon us, to snatch from us one of the most valuable blessings with which he has favored most men, namely, natural vision. In darkness we labored up through early childhood, till at an advanced period we became a pupil in a district school; by means of which, through the kindness of our friends, and great exertion on our part, we have been enabled at least to take a few draughts at the fountain of knowledge.

Such in brief, is our biography. Modesty and the limits of a preface, forbid that we should particularize further. Sffiuce it to say that for whatever we are or

may hereafter be, we owe gratitude to a beneficent Heaven and our kind friends. And whatever have been our victories in learning, they have not been achieved at colleges of repute; but within the sacred precincts of home and the common school.

Prompted by regret for the evils that overhang the world, and of our fellow man, and in the hope that we might be an instrument by which some good might be accomplished, we have written. We have assumed the responsibility—we say responsibility because we know that if what we write be read and needed, it will have an influence for good or evil, and we be accountable to the public now, and to God in the last great day.

On these considerations, with much hesitation we desire to come before the enlightened public. We are weak, but God in whom we trust is mighty. May he add to our humble efforts his power, that it may truly be said of us that we have been instrumental in doing good.

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

America,..... 9
Address to the Rose,..... 62
A few words to Young Readers,..... 69
Apostrophe to the Moon,..... 23
" " " Ocean,..... 31
Address to the oppressed nations of Europe and Asia,..... 36
Attend to our own business,..... 84
Aim of Life,..... 92
Beauty in God's Arrangements,..... 91
Be contented,..... 82
Childhood,..... 80
Close of Life at Home in Peace,..... 85
Clear Conscience,..... 88
Contentment,..... 11
Christmas Poem,..... 30
Conversation between Eliza and Julia,..... 57
Dawning of American Independence,..... 56
Dangers which are impending over our Country, 21
Dissolution of the Union,..... 34

Education,..... 27
Female Loveliness,..... 48
Friends we Love,..... 53
Fame,..... 66
Freedom,..... 17
Final Rest,..... 18
God exists,..... 89
Human Race,..... 19
Home,..... 53
Intemperance,..... 14
Kind Words,..... 59
Love,..... 84
Last Repose,..... 58
May Day,..... 37
My Choice,..... 68
Midnight Musings,..... 71
Musings at Eve,..... 72
Necessity of Moral Education,..... 73
New Year's Poem,..... 46
On the Sun,..... 10
Pleasure,..... 32
Political Millenium,..... 80
Path of Duty,..... 83
Rainbow,..... 13
Red Man's Lamentation,..... 75
Slavery,..... 11
To Little Children,..... 88
True Virtue,..... 16
The Union,..... 25
" Word Can't,..... 36
" Seasons,..... 50
Truth,..... 54

Things that I Love,..... 64
Why did our Fathers fight?..... 18
Wealth,..... 24
World's Destiny,..... 38
Wanderer's Repose,..... 47
Where is lasting Beauty to be found?..... 60
Woman,..... 77

Miscellaneous Thoughts.

AMERICA.

America, my native land,
The garden of the West,
Permit me here a while to stand,
And here to sweetly rest.

Thou land of freedom and of peace,
The purest and the best,
Thou wilt never, never cease
To find a place within my breast.

America, within thy bounds,
For many years I've staid,
And peace and happiness have found
Beneath thy banner's shade.

Thou art the home of millions freed
From vile oppression's hand;
Our fathers here did fight and bleed
To gain this happy land.

O! may eternal freedom reign,
Over this lovely place;
And may no vile infamous stain
This continent deface.

ON THE SUN.

In splendor bright, the sun arose,
And shed his radient light;
Upon the brilliant morning dews,
Scattering the shades of night.

For ages past that sun has stood,
A lamp to worlds unknown;
And now it stands as bright and good,
Sublimely and alone.

Clothed in splendor and in power,
Light of ages gone before;
Shine till thy expiring hour
Bids thee go and shine no more.

Then will darkness wrap the earth;
Then will time be full of years;
Then will no vain and foolish mirth
Soothe the heart or dry the tears.

Then will God descend in wrath,
And our pleasant earth dissolve;
Then will fire illume his path;
Then will fiery vapor fall.

O! then let us so live and be,
That when that hour shall come,
We may each in triumph see,
Our everlasting home.

CONTENTMENT.

Contentment is a lofty theme,
And worthy of our thought;
By far too lofty it would seem,
For us to set at naught.

Contentment in its purest state,
Is gentle and serene;
It bids us not each other hate,
With malice or with spleen.

Contentment is a pleasant thing,
To be content and mild;
It does the best of pleasures bring,
And makes us undefiled.

'Tis discontentment causes all
Our envy and our strife;
'Tis this that makes great men to fall,
And lead a wretched life.

Then let us follow in the paths
Of virtue and of love;
And be content with what we have,
And wait our sure reward above.

SLAVERY.

This is a question of great importance. It demands the deep and serious consideration of every American. It calls forth the greatest power of eloquence in the American orator. It is a question of such great importance that I scarcely know how to enter upon it, but I shall endeavor to do as well as I am able.

In the first place: Slavery is a great evil,—as dark as ever polluted the horizon of any nation, is now polluting our fair and happy land. Here let me attempt a faint description of this beautiful continent. This land is the fairest; this the lovliest and the best that is to be found anywhere on the face of the globe. There is no land that surpasses it in the grandeur and sublimity of its scenery. Its beautiful lakes, and its magnificent rivers, and its lofty mountains far surpass in grandeur and magnitude those of Europe and Asia. While our mighty nation has reared its head higher than any other nation, now standing the proudest and loftiest of all, it is looked upon with a kind of solemn awe by the nations of Europe. And why is our beautiful continent, our mighty nation, marked with that spot of slavery which will leave a stain wherever it is allowed to exist?

Slavery may be considered a great central evil upon which an enormous train of evils wait, carrying in its course pollution and degradation. The first thing is the great danger to which it exposes our nation: it places us in a condition more dangerous, I fear, than our political men are aware of. It has alalready worked its slow, mysterious way into the halls of our Legislation, throwing the representatives of the people into quarrels and disturbances. A thing which in its nature is exceedingly dangerous to our Republic. The second evil is, that it is in direct opposition to our principles of free government. This is said to be a free country. It is said that ours is a republican form of government, and if so, why

do we harbor slavery? Why do we nourish that evil, which must, ere long, ripen into perfection, and set a deadly poison on the vitals of our prosperity?

I do not advocate the freeing of our black population among us, but let us send them to some distant land, where they may enjoy their freedom in safety, uninterrupted and undisturbed by slavery. This will be an act, if done, that will reflect the brightest honor on our nation. It will cause it to shine with brilliancy and resplendence. Then will be heard the joyous acclamations of countless multitudes enjoying their national freedom. Then will the voice of liberty resound from end to end of our glorious union. Then we will set a bright example for other nations to follow. Then will bright laurels be implanted on our nation's brow. Then will we be a bright shining ornament on the pages of history, long to be loved and remembered by our sister nations.

THE RAINBOW.

See in yonder distant sky,—
  See the rainbow's lovely face,
How its colors meet the eye,
  Decked with beauty and with grace.

See the sun's congenial rays,
  Shining on the falling rain,
Till the heart is filled with praise,
  And adores His holy name.

Slowly upward rose a cloud,
  Spreading all its darkness round,

Till at length we heard aloud,
The pealing thunder's awful sound.

But at length it passed away,
And the sun gave forth his light,
Lighting up that pleasant day
With his brilliant splendor bright.

Then we looked upon the sky,
There a lovely object hung;
There its colors met the eye,
Giving me my humble song.

'Twas not like the foaming wave,
Or the raging billow deep;
It had there no wat'ry grave,
Where the many thousands sleep.

'Twas a Rainbow's lovely form,
Shining as it passed along,
Marked upon the raging storm,
Pure and gentle, bold and strong.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

Intemperance is a subject which demands the attention of writers. It is a subject of great importance, and is worthy of our careful attention. It may be viewed as a great evil, no less fearful than it is degrading: and no less infamous than it is terrible.

This evil is now seen in its most dreadful form, polluting and degrading our people. It is spread like an epidemic over our whole continent. And

what is still worse, it stops not here; but it extends over the whole world, carrying in its course desolation, with an awful mixture of horror, misery, and woe upon it. How often do we see families bereft of husband and father; and how often do we see children following in the paths of vice and sin misled by intemperance. Perhaps we may see them staggering from the grog-shop, palsied by the hand of intemperance, only to seek the houses where they may be at liberty, there to pass away their paroxysm of insanity, only to enter upon others, if possible, still more horrible. How often do we see men returning home from their business, where it might be expected they would pass away their leisure hours in soberness, musing on things of loftier note that those of earth, but ah! how different. Instead of this they are raging under the most awful paroxysms of insanity. How often do we see men laboring under the effects of this great evil, slowly sinking under its load to an untimely grave. It is often the case that young men start in early life upon the busy *beau-monde*, with glittering prospects before them: but, alas! how soon do they fall by this hand. Alas! how soon are their prospects blighted How soon are their bright hopes which they once so fondly cherished, nipped by the hand of this fell destroyer.

Intemperance has set upon their vitals a baneful poison, more deadly, if possible, than that inflicted by the most poisonous drug. Their brightest hopes and their fairest prospects are thus blasted, and they are forever ruined and undone.

TRUE VIRTUE.

True virtue is a phrase embodying in itself all the other principles of moral life. With it sobriety, peace, love, happiness, and true religion are inseparably combined. No man can be truly sober or happy without virtue. And unless he be virtuous he cannot love his fellows as he ought; and unless he be in full possession of this quality he cannot be truly religious. All these qualities depend upon this one truth—virtue—as man depends upon food for sustenance do they depend upon this. It is the root of every good work. To be truly virtuous is a blessing which all men should endeavor to obtain; yet it is one great thing in which many are lacking. It is this, and this alone which can elevate men to the highest rank, and which will enable them to hold their position.

If a man be in full possession of virtue, it will bear him safely through trials, tribulations, and difficulties which he would otherwise be wholly unable to surmount. It was virtue that first prompted the Pilgrims to embark on an unknown and pathless ocean, surrounded by countless dangers and difficulties. Inuring themselves to innumerable hardships, privations and sufferings, following their dreary and desolate course, till at length they reached the destined place. Here was only to be found desolation mixed with horror and terror. Here no white man had ever placed a footstep. Here civilization had never yet found a place. A huge forest covered the whole face of the country, and no sound of life was

heard except the deafning yell of the savage, or the fierce howl of the wolf. It was virtue that prompted them to this. They wished to escape from the proud oppressor's hand;—from that vile tyranny which had so long kept them in bondage. Here virtue showed its magic power in leading them to a country where they could enjoy political and religious rights unfettered by the hand of oppression. Virtue is a blessing then, well calculated to elevate man, and give him a position in which he may be honored.

FREEDOM.

Let freedom's lofty notes resound,
From sea to sea, from sound to sound;
Let her glad tidings swiftly roll,
From east to west, from pole to pole.

Let liberty her charms unfold,
Till tyrants, trembling, lose their hold,
Till nations catch the joyful sound,
And hill and vale alike resound.

From Greenland to the Southern pole,
Let freedom's tidings swiftly roll;
From end to end around the world,
Let liberty be swiftly hurled.

Till tyranny her place gives way
Unto the light of freedom's day;
Till proud oppressors groan and fall,
And trembling, leave their shining hall.

Till nations shout and join the strain,
Freedom shall forever reign,
As mighty as it reigned before,
Till nations fall to rise no more.

WHY DID OUR FATHERS FIGHT?

Why did our fathers fight and strive in revolution fierce?
Or why did widows mourn their husbands with many a tear?
Why were loved ones bereft of lover's friendship sweet?
Or why did many a throbbing heart with anguish beat?

'Twas to erect a monument sublime,
One that is never shaken by the grasp of time;
It was our independence for to gain,
An independence that will never bear a stain.

Then let us ever hold in sweet remembrance dear,
The independence thus so dearly bought, and that secured us here;
Let us ever hold in recollection sweet,
That liberty which honors men, and makes affection sweet.

THE FINAL REST.

There is a place of refuge sweet,
For those who here together meet,
In unison of love and grace,
There is for them a resting place.

There is a place where those who weep,
May for their tears new pleasures reap;
A place of never ending peace,
Where joys and pleasures never cease.

There is a place where those who mourn,
Who long earth's toilsome cares have borne,
May lay aside their aching clay,
And sing sweet songs through endless day.

A place for weary travelers found,
Beyond the world's discordant sound;
A place of everlasting peace,—
Of never ending happiness.

When life's dull vanities are o'er,
And earth's deceits shall be no more,
When death has closed upon this sphere,
May we in paradise appear.

THE HUMAN RACE.

The human race is but a shadow which is seen and then disappears. One generation springs up, but scarcely have the people reached the age of maturity till declining years begin to approach them, and they pass away as the leaves of autumn. Men with shining hopes and glittering prospects, start in early life 'mid the bustling din and confusion of the busy world, to seek their fortunes in unknown lands; but scarcely have they reached the stage of action till declining years tell them of their approach to the autumn of life. And to what conclusion do we

now come? This existence is only preparatory to another higher and better.

Life may be compared to the four seasons of the year. Youth may be compared to the Spring. Early manhood and middle age with Summer. Declining years with Autumn; and old age with Winter. The youth are the early flowers of Spring; they grow up and beauty and lovliness adorn them wherever they go. At length, with the coming on of years, these beauties disappear, and the fruits of more mature years begin to ripen and approach perfection. At length middle age comes on, and man is seen in his most vigorous and most prosperous condition. The fruits of spring are now perfectly ripe. At length declining years come on and men begin to fall like the leaves of autumn before the blast. The autumn of life is now upon them, and they are fast hastening to the cold grave whence they never can return till called forth by the trumpet at the last great day of judgment. If we will notice the forest when winter sets in, clusters of leaves which have not fallen off may be seen hanging on the trees. These have withered and died. Just so with the human race. There are some who outlive the rest of their generation, and who may be seen withered and disfigured by the marks of time.

THE DANGERS WHICH ARE IMPENDING OVER OUR COUNTRY.

It is thought by some that our country is now entirely free from danger, and that there is nothing remaining to mar our future peace and prosperity; and that our political sky is clear, and our way to fame and distinction unobstructed, and I could wish that it were even so; but alas, I fear that it is otherwise. There are clouds which now darken our political horizon, and if they be not dispelled they will shut out our bright star of freedom. One danger which now threatens us is that of slavery. It was first planted on our soil by those who have gone before us; and the present generation have nourished it; and it is a serpent in the bosom, dangerous to hold and cannot easily be cast away. Another danger which is now threatening us is the influence of party spirit. This influence has already spread chaos and discord among our people. The people are the foundation of a Republican Government, and if they be divided and broken up by party strifes and contentions how can the government stand? These are dangers which if they be not checked must lead to the downfall of our Republic. We have now more to strive against than our fore-fathers had in the days of the Revolution. They then like a band of freemen went out in a common cause to battle against a foreign foe for freemen's rights; and their hearts and their hands were together. But now we have inward divisions and contentions to strive against.

And now let me say to the people of America,

arise from your lethargy and establish a government which cannot be overthrown by all the storms of party discord and clamorings of party politicians. It is in your hands that the destiny of millions yet unborn is placed. If you fail to perform your duty as free American citizens, you will bring reproach upon yourselves, and involve the future millions in political ruin and woe. If you let your bright sun of freedom go down you close the world in darkness. It is to you that all the world are looking as the bright example after which they must follow, and by which they may be extricated from the miserable mire of tyranny and oppression in which they are now involved. The day that you let your glorious ship of Independence sink beneath the vortex of political disturbance and commotion, you throw a gloom over the happiness of all future generations. And now let me ask you, will you allow your bright star of freedom to be clouded by the bitterness of faction, or the more paltry and infamous schemes of vain, aspiring politicians? Will you let the liberty for which your fathers fought and for which they spilt their life's blood, sink into oblivion?

And now in conclusion I urge you to rise from the state of lethargy in which you are now reposing, and throw off the incumbrances which now obstruct your way, and let your sun of freedom shine gloriously on all the world; and now array yourselves in freedom's beautious robe, and elevate yourselves to a point of distinction at which you may stand a beacon light to the world.

AN APOSTROPHE TO THE MOON.

Here let me pause in wonder and in awe,
And gaze upon thy light thou glorious moon;
And think how by an eternal law,
Thou there hath stood for centuries unknown.

Thou lightest up the evening sky with beams
Resplendent, lovely, beautiful and bright;
Thou shinest on the softly flowing streams,
Casting a thousand shades of holy light.

Thou standest here like some bright sphere sublime,
In power inferior only to the sun;
Thou art unblemished by the marks of time,
Nor weakened by the flight of ages gone.

No change, no alterations mark thy form,
Time marks no changes on thy lovely brow;
Thou heedest not the raging winter's storm,
Just as the world first saw, thou shinest now.

'Tis thine alone at midnight's silent hour,
To beautify the world with light serene,
And cast upon each fragrant blooming flower
A dazzling, brilliant splendor then unseen.

'Tis thine when all is wrapt in sullen night,
When nature calmly and profoundly sleeps,
To spread around thy sweet refulgent light
Upon the mighty, vast, wide, watery deep.

WEALTH.

Seek not, vain mortal, wealth to find,
'Twill not appease thy wishful mind;
Twill ne'er thy craving hunger stay,
Though shining gold surround thy way.

What worthless things does wealth afford,
To fill the grasping miser's hoard,
Or swell, with vain, deceitful smiles
His now expanded, worthless piles.

Why seekest thou the golden mine
Where crystals clear, or jewels shine?
Or why hunt'st thou the diamond's cell,
Where rubies bright and saphires dwell?

Can diamonds ease thy racking pain,
Though thou Golconda's mines should'st gain?
Then why thy purer garments spot
With such a vile, defacing blot?

But O, how many vainly toil,
And dig the rich, productive soil,
To gain this unrepaying toy,
A fleeting, momentary joy.

Vain man, why interrupt its sleep?
Why snatch it from the earthy deep?
Or why disturb its resting there?
It only leads thee to despair.

O hear its voice expostulate,
And listen to thy coming fate,

Heed thou its warning, turn and fly,
E'er thou art led, with it to die.

Return, return, thy refuge take,
E'er racking pains thy body shake;
E'er from thy breast thy heart's blood flow,
And thou art led to grief and woe.

Before thy tender heart strings break,
And thou from earth thy flight shall take,
And lay among the countless dead
Thy weary, aching, painful head.

I bid thee follow wealth no more,
In dust thy misery deplore;
Return, in ashes, kneel and pray,
And see the error of thy way.

I bid thee cease to err and sin;
Avoid vain wealth's tumultuous din,
Nor after shining riches stray,
Which glitter only for a day.

Now traveler through this vale of tears,
Arise, shake off thy guilty fears,
And follow righteousness and love,
And claim thy seat in worlds above.

ON THE UNION.

Much has been said on this highly important and interesting subject. But there is yet room, and the work of the American orator is not yet half accomplished. Let it be the duty and the object of the

American orator to elevate and establish firmly and immovably the union of these States. Let it be the delight, as it is the interest, of every American citizen, to cherish with love and respect the ties which so inseparably connect us, and which so sweetly bind the sister States in one common and beautiful confederacy. It is not the heroism of brave commanders, nor the exploits of brave armies; nor yet will the hostile crash of bloody steel, or the resounds of thundering fire-arms establish our Union. No! it requires the calm and sober deliberation of American freemen. Let it be the sole purpose and business of the American orator who aspires and looks forward for future greatness, to study and seek after those things which are most essential to the future prosperity and happiness of the American Union; this alone will elevate the Union and give it a place from which it will reflect bright honors on its founders. The Union now occupies a position of higher rank among the nations of the world, and shall it, amid its increasing glory and vigor, while prosperity and beauty adorn its onward course to fame and distinction; I say, shall it be permitted to sink down into oblivion because of the inattention and negligence of those whose duty it is to support and rally around its standard. Let every American citizen rally around the banner of the Union, it is high time we were up and doing. We are now the dawning light in the political horizon of the world; it is through us, and by us that liberty must be imparted to the suffering and oppressed millions of other climes. Our position

now in the world is truly responsible and highly important. If we fall we disappoint the hopes and expectations of our fellow creatures. If we rise to eminence we determine their future prosperity and happiness. Then let not the orator sleep quietly at his post; but let every nerve, every faculty, and all his mental powers;—let heart and hand be deeply devoted to the promotion of the interests of which he is the champion.

The Union is now fast rising, and bids fair to gain the pre-eminence; extending as it does over more than two million square miles, it must, ere long, rise to a point of fame and distinction unparalleled in the history of nations. At the same time this nation embracing as it does such variety of beautiful scenery, and offering such immense advantages, and presenting such great sources of wealth to the fugitive thousands who are daily flying from foreign lands to seek an asylum within the calm retreat of our peaceful and serene borders.

And now, in conclusion, let me ask, shall our banner be stained with internal commotion, shall we paint upon our banner the picture of our infamy by dissolving the Union? Surely not. But let us hand our flag down to posterity as the emblem of our union, unblemished and unspotted.

EDUCATION.

Let me for a moment call your attention to the necessity of education. We must educate. The safety and permanence of our government, as well as the happiness of our peole demand it. We must fit and prepare ourselves to perform the duties of

government. Let it be remembered by all who love their country, that a free and full education of the people must ever form the basis of Republicanism and liberty. If we fail to educate our youth our number of eminent men will gradually decrease, and through neglect our government will ultimately go down. When we view the great importance of education, another consideration, scarcely inferior, engrosses our attention. At this enlightened day the arts and sciences are pursued to a great extent throughout the Old World; shall we who profess to hold out freedom to the world be behind it in education and knowledge? Shall we who are blessed with a Republican form of government be worse than those who are ruled by tyranny? Shall those, in whose power it is to educate the youth, withhold that education from them? Let us remember that we have important duties to discharge, and those duties must be faithfully and assiduously performed. Let us therefore neglect them no longer. I would say to both parents and youth, it is not those of high and distinguished birth who are always best calculated to fill places of honor and trust: it is not those whose play-grounds are pavements, and whose first dwelling-places were palaces. Nor yet is it those whose pillows are heaps of gold who make the most eminent and distinguished men. Look for a moment at Henry Bascom, one of the most noted and distinguished men that ever shone in our religious horizon,—whose birth was so humble, and who was so poor that he was obliged to burn hickory-bark by which to lay up those stores of education

which were destined to qualify him for a high and almost boundless sphere of usefulness. Here truly is an instance which ought to encourage both parents and children. Turn for a moment to Andrew Jackson, that distinguished hero and statesman, who, though consigned to the tomb, yet lives in the hearts of his patriotic countrymen, whose memory is embalmed in the American soul. Though he was not born amid the pomp and splendor of imperial courts, though no adoring thousands bowed to him as to an infant prince, though he was mantled in the veil of obscurity, though he was surrounded by unfavorable circumstances; yet by unfailing energy and uncoquerable determination, he labored up amid opposing difficulties, till at the fountain of knowledge he drank those mind-invigorating draughts which prepared him for usefulness in life.

These brilliant luminaries could not have shone, or could have shone, at least but feebly, but for that education which assisted in the developement and application of their mental powers. We must educate; our highest interests, our sweetest endearments, the holy ties that bind society together, the permanence of our Union, the success of our great experiment of self-government demanding imperatively that we should educate; as parents we must educate. The happiness of future generations depends upon it; as citizens of a common country we must educate; for common interests demand it of those on whom liberty has been pleased to smile. We must educate, for on the wisdom and intelligence of the masses depends how long we shall be free. The ignorance of

the masses is the proof of despotism. As responsible beings, we must educate; for the greater our store of knowledge the bettter we can discharge our duties to our Creator and our fellow-men. If such then be the important considerations that call upon us to read from the book of knowledge, let us be up and doing, that the blood of posterity may not rest upon our garment. That future generations may not curse us; while they live and rise up in condemnation against us in that last solemn day, when all the world, the wise and the foolish, the learned and the unlearned, shall stand up in one common multitude before the great omniscient Judge to answer for the deeds done in the body.

CHRISTMAS POEM.

Behold, behold another Christmas comes,
And O, how many lay within the tomb;
How many, who with sparkling eyes so gay,
Were lately seen to shine in brilliant day;
How many, in their lonely graves are laid,
Ne'er to return from its now dungeon shade.

But hark! what sound breaks sweetly on my ear?
The voice of melody I seem to hear;
The merry laugh of sportive lovers gay,
To me, in gentle words, would seem to say:
"Why linger thus in silent musing there?
Turn, turn thyself away to scenes more fair."

I turn and look upon the busy world
With all its beauty, love and grace unfurled;

There are the fair, the beautiful, the gay,
There is the bubbling wave that cannot stay;
I view the gay, fantastic circle o'er,
Then turn and look upon these scenes no more.

Come, come my heart, from such low scenes
away,
Those things that glitter only for a day,
And watch the years, as quick they pass along,
And mingle not with the fantastic throng,
Which only tells how years are fleeting by,
Soon to mingle in eternity.

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

Why rollest thou o'er adamantine rocks,
Or why dost thou with foaming billows roar?
Why rendest thou the air with thy dread sound,
Or why dost thou pursue thy course sublime,
While nations fall into oblivion?
Proud oak-leviathans upon thee move
Defying all thy waves and mighty powers;
And men across thy billowy waves with fear,
Travel, and leave no track behind, on thee,
To show the wandering course that they have
gone.
Down low in thy unfathomable deep, [lain
Are bleaching bones, which there for years have
Beneath the element that rolls above,
Paying no tribute of respect to those
Who long have lain within their watery grave.
Man, when his fellow man expires, consigns

Him, with pomp and parade, to the dark tomb,
But thou carest not for those who sink down
Beneath thy vortex, ne'er to rise again,
But still thou rollest on unceasingly.

PLEASURE.

Pleasure's paths are smooth and flow'ry,
In them sweetest flowers are strewn,
And we see fresh, blooming hourly,
Blossoms hitherto unknown.

Golden prospects, hopes delighting,
Glittering shine along the way,
And, with flatteries inviting,
Bid us follow them nor stay.

Fields of happiest Elysian,
Constantly before us lie,
Charms for our enraptured vision,
Pleasing objects for the eye,

Days of pleasure without number
Seem to lie within our power,
But remember, O, remember,
There's a thorn beneath each flower.

Though to-day no touch of sorrow
Mingles with our cup of bliss,
Yet we know not what to-morrow
May betide to mar our peace.

Flowers of pleasure fast are fading,
Like the lily or the rose,

Soon must drop their verdant fragrance
Ere autumnal breezes blow.

But perhaps some one is seeking
Pleasure's oft frequented way,
If so, let me, gently speaking,
Warn you your footsteps for to stay.

You that love the paths of pleasure,
You that often pluck her flowers,
Turn and seek a better treasure
For adverser, darker, hours.

Soon, the eve of life declining,
Brings the end of youthful days;
Then, across your pathway shining,
You may see no hopeful rays.

Then, in silence and in sadness,
You may weep your lifetime o'er,
Wishing for those days of gladness
Which can visit you no more.

ON THE DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

No question can possibly be of greater moment than this. This nation now stands the greatest in the civilized globe, and should this union be dissolved, what awful consequences must inevitably follow. Let it be remembered that the preservation of this union will tend to the prosperity and happiness of ages yet to come; and the dissolution of it would tend to commotion and disturbance. Suppose for

one moment this union were to be dissolved, and we were to look around us, what would we behold on every side: anarchy and civil war. Civil war would be the consequence of the dissolution of the union, desolation would be spread over the whole continent. You would see on every hand friends and relations lifting up their hands against each other.

In short, devastation and desolation would cover the whole land.

The very idea of the dissolution of the union is enough to shock the strongest hearts: yet we see men in these United States, standing up and advocating a course which would be indeed degrading to this whole people. Let us follow the pages of history back to the days of 1620, there we see pilgrims banished from their native land, because of their honest opinions, launching out into the pathless ocean, wending their way to the then newly discovered continent, enduring all the privations that may be expected by those who emigrate to new countries. At length they land at Plymouth, and commence a life of hardship, and erect a colony. It has grown and increased, and now forms this great republic.

Let us follow the pages of history a little further, to what is generally called the French and Indian war. Hear we first see the immortal Washington, standing up in defense of his country, and next comes the revolutionary war; a struggle in which thirteen small colonies engaged themselves, determined to have their national liberty secured to them; a blessing which was finally secured to them after much blood

having been shed. And we see these thirteen colonies enjoying their national freedom, a blessing which cannot be too highly prised by any nation; a blessing that is evidently intended that all nations should enjoy. And if this glorious union should be dissolved, how soon would we be stripped of all our enjoyment. Then let not this union be dissolved, let men look around them, let them reason and think, let them consider for a moment what an act of insanity it would be; it would be an act against which the very blood of the fathers of the Revolution would cry out. And if the union be once dissolved, who can rebuild what has been thrown down? who can replace what once has been snatched from us? who can reconstruct what has once been destroyed? But some may say there is no danger of the dissolution of the union. I say that, unless this highly exciting question of slavery is settled, there is the greatest danger imaginable. Already the irritation is high; the fire of indignation is being kindled in both sections of the union, and we now begin to see a disposition in some to have the union dissolved. And I fear, and I have reason to believe that my fears are well founded, that the time is not far distant, when the ties which bind this glorious union will be severed. But O! may I never see that hour, and may that time be too far distant to be recognized by me.

THE WORD CAN'T.

I ca'nt, I said; but could not I?
I'd think again, and then I'd try;
And still "cant" seemed to force its way,
But it I then refused to say.

I tried, and tried, and tried again,
Waiting in patience till the end;
At length I found the work was done,
And I the lengthy race had run.

And then I sat me down to rest,
With some feelings in my breast;
Thinking what cannot mortals do,
Assisted by a God so true.

ADDRESS TO THE OPPRESSED NATIONS OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

Arise, ye nations, strive and fight
Against a proud oppressor's might;
Till tyranny is overthrown,
Till ye yourselves shall stand alone.

Why do you lie in silence there?
Arise and bring your arms to bear,
Your independence quickly take,
And cause each tyrants throne to shake

Arise, there's danger in delay,
New evils follow every day;
O why in lethargy are ye?
Arise and say that you are free.

Arise, arise, I now repeat,
And lay your tyrants at your feet;
O when will nations learn and know,
That tyrants are their greatest foes.

Nations, take freedom for your own,
And hurl each tyrant from his throne.
Cast down these infamous despots,
Who for your freedom lay these plots.

Let liberty your standard be,
Let it be heard from sea to sea;
Let it resound from shore to shore,
Till earth and sea shall be no more.

MAY-DAY.

We hail thy coming, beauteous May,
Thou beauty of the spring;
This is the fairest day,
The loveliest of all things.

This month the fairest and the best,
The beauty of the year,
When decked with beauty's vest,
It really does appear.

But hark, I think I hear
Some sweeter music from
Some lonely woodland near,
It is the lover's song.

To-day beneath the shady powers
The merry lovers meet;

And talk away their leisure hours,
In transports soft and sweet.

To-day the voice of melody,
Is heard from many a grove;
To-day the strains of harmony
Are raised in thrilling love.

This is a pleasant time
To all who it enjoy;
And I think, to make it rhyme,
To all who it employ.

But let my thoughts ascend
From earth's low things away,
And think upon the end,
Why is this pleasant May.

It is for that not understood
By man a mortal here;
It is designed for somthing good,
Is obviously clear.

Then let us not forget
To use it as we ought,
And thus a good example set
To those who heed it not.

THE WORLD'S DESTINY.

It is beyond the power of man to tell what event may transpire in the future. He has no intellectual power given him that will answer the purpose, except it be given him, as a message, from the Omnis-

cient One, and the time for such prophecies is now passed, therefore we need not essay to foretell events, and place the certainty of their occurrence beyond dispute; but we may by the powers of reasoning which are given us, settle in our minds to a somewhat satisfactory extent, the course of great events, and though we cannot render them entirely indisputable, we may have such plain arguments, and give them such a degree of plausibility, by sound reasoning and honest investigation, as to render them next to indisputable. In viewing this great subject, two great events are presented to the mind of the attentive observer; one of which must evidently transpire in the course of time, viz: Europe must be free, and through it the world. Or, failing to gain this high state, the world must retrograde and fall back to the dark and gloomy state of barbarism, from which it has taken it eighteen hundred years, and more, to emerge. To make this assertion the more obvious, I propose to give a philosophical reason coupled with a figurative illustration. It is generally known that if a spherical body be rolled up a steep ascent, and be left unsupported, and the way be unobstructed, it will return with rapidity to the base of the hill.—This will apply to the World. It has been forced up the hill of science, of progress, and of refinement until it has gained a considerable elevation, and if it be left unsupported it must fall back to its former state of barbarism. But this does not sufficiently satisfy our minds; we need some higher evidence. To obtain this evidence let us examine the condition of the world at large, comparing its past condition

with its present. We see that in the course of seventy-six years, the mighty, prosperous, happy nation of America has grown up under the influence of a Republican form of Government; we see, too, that in all past Ages, when despotism reigned universally, a universal degradation and barbarism prevailed; we see, too, that when the plant of freedom was permitted to grow to a faint shade of maturity, the world, as if by a magical impulse, moved forward, civilization spread, and barbarism disappeared. But again when this plant withered, blighted by the influence of intolerance, and despotism again assumed the ruling power, the world receded; all that it had ever gained was again lost, barbarism returned. Take, as an example, Rome, whose name has been handed down to posterity, coupled with that of freedom and republicanism. She flourished for a time, but by her own law of intolerance she brought despotism upon herself, and debasement and complete prostration following in its train; thus was she reduced to a state, worse, if possible, than her former state of barbarism. In like manner must all nations, ruled by despotism, fall. Despotism exerts a demoralizing influence over its subjects, it closes the doors of the nation against civilization; to strengthen its own foundation it forces upon its people ignorance, both of literature and of their own condition. Thus we see that the very tendency of despotism is to prevent progress, to keep mankind wrapt in a gloomy vail that they may not see the light, lest it find destruction wailing at its door. But one will ask, what means all this, what does it prove? Why, it proves that if despotism

once more gain the ruling power, the world is gone, perhaps forever. But is there any danger of its gaining that power? There is. Republicanism and Despotism cannot both stand upon the same little globe. Despotism wishes to oppress all mankind, while, on the other hand, Republicanism wishes to elevate and render them happy, prosperous, and free. The two designs are too great and too much opposed to each other to occupy so small a space; one or the other must alone predominate. They are both ambitious, and hard will be the struggle between them. It is true, America stands a free and mighty Republic, yet despotism with all its attendant subtleties rules Europe, and it will require the most extreme care and watchfulness on our part to hold our own position. Should the monarchs of Europe succeed in quieting the disturbances which have for the last four years convulsed that continent, things may settle down for a time, and we may, falsely, suppose ourselves safe, but we are never entirely safe as long as despotism exists. The despots hate us, our example is dangerous to them, the very form of Republicanism is a terror to them; they long for its obliteration; they will carefully watch their time, and seize upon their opportunity to rise in their strength and swear that we shall be no more. Let despotism once more permanently gain the ascendency in Europe, then let our people be disturbed by internal commotions; then as the illustrious Kossuth has said, "perhaps a foreign war may come up;" then will our doom be fixed, then will the blow be struck at our independence, and the results will be, the final subjugation of our

people to the tyrant's will, the demolition of our mighty superstructure of liberty, and the ultimate erasion of Republicanism from the face of the earth. Such must be the consequences if despotism gain the ascendency. A terrible storm is gathering which, when it breaks out, will shake Europe and America in the convulsion. A battle must soon commence between the two great principles of the world. They have long been at war and that war must soon break out in open combat upon the battle field, and which of the two principles will conquer, time will determine. But:

May I predict that, 'neath the smiles of heaven,
The tree of freedom, which has in our soil
Grown to maturity, and raised its boughs
'Till dipping in the firmament of heaven,
Shall grow still higher, and shall throw a shade
Over the long oppressed of Europe's land;
So may thou stand, fair tree of freedom, stand
,Till time shall be no more; and thou be called
To be transported to a brighter world
To shade o'er millions who were once on earth
Slaves; subject to the haughty tyrant's will.

Although, as I have already remarked, time must determine which of these two great principles will conquer, yet we may have our opinion ; and to him who philosophizes and reasons calmly and deliberately on the changeableness of man, in a moral and a mental, as well as a physical point of view, this matter can be of but little doubt; and though it is true that we, as men, have not Omniscience to foresee

and foreknow future events, yet we can, as I have before stated, as beings possessing human nature, tolerably well satisfy our own minds, as to the course of events of such great moment. And I believe that if we could at once obtain the power to draw the vail of human weakness and ignorance from our eyes and look by the power of prophetic vision, into the mysterious future, we would see beyond the clouds that now hide the political sky of the world; we would see the bright sun of freedom rising, which shall soon break forth and shine in splendor upon the world. The aurora is begun; it is but a thin mist, that hides the brilliant sunlight from our view. But to prove my assertion we need not lack for evidence. To him who considers carefully, and without prejudice, the political state of Europe, and who endeavors, as far as man is able, to weigh all things in an even balance, it must be obvious that the world must and will ere long be free.

Political convulsions have for the last four years shaken the Continent of Europe; the thrones of Emperors and of Monarchs have tottered; France has been a Republic; Hungary has risen in her strength, and subdued the merciless tyrant that ruled her and declared herself free; but we —shame be upon us, neglectfully delayed the acknowledgement of her independence, and thus allowed her hopes to be prostrated. May we yet have an opportunity to clear our skirts of that dishonor; may Heaven forbid that the blood of Hungary's nationality should thus stain our garments long! Meanwhile Ireland has been convulsed, and many petty tyrants throughout the

land, have been dethroned. Now what was the cause of this? It was the thundering voice of an awakened people, aroused to a sense of their condition. Our example has inspired them; beholding us they have admired us; admiring us, they have aspired to imitate us; they have uttered a voice of terror that has shaken the Tyrant's throne and has struck a panic to the very heart of tyranny. Rut there is another argument in favor of this position. We are led to draw the inference from Scripture, that a period is to come when the Gospel trump shall have been sounded to all the world; the ministers of the Gospel are commanded to bear the joyful news to all mankind; now may it not reasonably be inferred from this that it is the design of the Almighty that all nations should hear this Gospel—that all men may have an opportunity of becoming its disciples; that religion may exist in every land; free and unrestrained.—It certainly is. But can it be accomplished while despotism exists? Reason must answer no. Where despotism is, there is intolerance, and where intolerance is, religion cannot be; religion teaches man what he is, it tells him that he is by nature free, and so soon as he becomes fully aware of this, the strongest claims of despotism cannot bind him. Thus we see that despotism and religion cannot dwell together, the one of heavenly origin, tending to enlighten and refine the spirit; the other, a vile invention of the evil one, to blind, pollute, and demoralize the human race. Then even the fulfilment of the sacred Scriptures can be accomplished only by the freedom of the world from tyranny and oppression, and it must

and will be accomplished, for the decree of the Almighty is irrevocable and unchangeable. But there is another argument; there is a judgment day coming, when all men shall stand before an awful tribunal, and can it be supposed that God after having given his only Son to die upon the ignominious cross to redeem man from a lost and ruined state, and having sent his ministers for more than eighteen hundred years to preach to men and urge them to leave the paths of sin and vice, and having elevated the world to its present state of refinement, will allow it to recede and go back to the barbarism of antiquity, and thus, be unprepared to meet that awful day? But as I have already remarked, a great struggle is approaching between the two principles of the world, and let me, ask, in conclusion, what ground shall we as a nation occupy? On us hangs the destiny of the world; and on us the peace and happiness of posterity depend; shall we stand off, as cold, disinterested spectators, till the battle is over, and all is lost? If so, let us, kneeling in dust and ashes, hide our faces with the mantle of dishonor. But let us rather stand up in all the pride and glory of a mighty Republic, shielded by the justice of our cause, armed with a firm trust in God, and stimulated by the purity of our motives, we shall be as a rock, against which all the storms of despotism will beat in vain.

NEW YEAR'S POEM.

Now another year declining,
Soon must close its short career,
While upon our vision shining,
Sweetly dawns the coming year.

Now think of human beings,
Full of vigor and of joy,
Who, in foolish transport, seeming,
Follow every idle toy.

Full of hope's alluring prospects,
On they go from day to day,
Seizing every worthless object,
Which can only soon decay.

Days of transport, days of pleasure,
Meet and gather on their way ;
Heaps of glory without measure
All along their pathway lay.

But each year, while gently closing,
Warns them calmly to return,
Lest, while they in peace reposing,
All their glory, them should spurn.

Then, in silence, and in sadness,
They should weep their lifetime o'er,
Wishing for those days of gladness,
Which can visit them no more.

THE WANDERER'S REPOSE.

Here rests the wanderer in sweet repose,
  Now calmly rests his weary frame of clay,
On earthly scenes his eyes he now has closed,
  And left the world and all its proud display.

Resting in deep forgetfulness he lies,
  And knows not of his cold and cheerless bed
Beneath the covering of the deep blue skies,
  He lays in sweet repose his painless head.

But where, O where are all his once loved friends,
  They know not now that death his eyes have closed;
And while their hopes in sweetest union blend,
  And in their hearts the warm affection glows.

They hope with confidence to see the face
  Of him, the wanderer, returning soon—
Soon to partake of home's delightful peace;
  There all his paths with sweetest flowers are strewn.

But ah! full many a disappointment grieves
  The heart of friendship innocent and pure,
And even while its wreathes of flowers it weaves,
  It finds some sorrow wailing at its door.

And now unconscious of his friends he sleeps
  The sleep that friends or foes can never break—
Wrapt in oblivion's wakeless slumber deep,
  Never again on scenes of earth to wake.

Far, far away perhaps in distant lands,
Far from the native soil that gave him birth,
Where all his joys and griefs have found an end—
Reclining now he rests on foreign earth.

So now he rests, his joys and sorrows o'er,
From constant turmoils free his aching breast,
And earth's vicissitudes and scenes no more
Henceforth shall e'er disturb his peaceful rest.

Sleep on thou till the resurrection morn
Shall call thee from thy slumbers to ascend,
On buoyant pinions swiftly upwards borne,
In paradise above to meet thy friends.

And when above in that celestial clime,
May thou amid thy glorious triumphs see,
Unfettered by the withering grasp of time,
The one who sings thee now thus feelingly.

FEMALE LOVELINESS.

As once in thoughtful mood I lay,
My merry vision chanced to stray
Up to imagination's tower;
And there she chose to spend an hour.

And as from there she loooked around,
Pleased with the sights her eyes had found,
Delighted much and all entranced,
She might for joy almost have danced.

Enraptured with the lovely scene,
The gardens, groves, and meadows green,
While flowers of every tint and hue,
Appeared to her enchanted view.

It seemed as though elysian there,
Was carried even in the air;
While fragrant flowers by zephyrs fann'd,
Did forth their countlesss odors send.

As in the green and pleasant grove,
So sweetly sung the birds of Love;
And every scene and every thing,
Denoted the presence of the spring.

At length from 'neath a shady bower,
Moving amid a thousand flowers,
My vision's much delighted eye,
A lovely object chanced to spy.

Forth coming like the morning star,
Fair as nocturnal moonbeams are,
Gentle, almost divine, and good,
Robed in loveliness it stood.

It was a maiden young and sweet,
With nature's choicest gifts replete;
To whose sweet countenance was given,
Such charms as are the charms of heaven.

No costly silks her garments were,
No undue pride was pictured there,
But proudly simple, sweetly plain,
She was almost by sin unstained.

Nor were her features fair alone,
No, in her brightest beauties shone,
A loving heart, a noble mind,
Were in her bosom pure, combined.

Thus doubly beauteous was that maid,
As youthful luster round her played,
While on her cheeks the rose was blown,
She seemed too sweet for earth alone.

My vision gazed upon her long,
And gave me this my humble song,
And as it gazed, I mused, I thought,
My mind this sad reflection caught.

How sad it seemed that one so fair,
Should shortly be the child of care,
How hard indeed it seemed that she
Might soon some bitter anguish see.

The fairest, loveliest, and the best,
Only one moment can possess,
And though to-day we feel no sorrow,
We know not what may come to-morrow.

THE SEASONS.

How brightly after winter's chilling cold
When spring her brightest beauties all unfold,
When woodland songsters let their music flow,
And fill with gladsome praise each verdant bough,
And flowrets in the garden and the grove,
Proclaim their great Creator's power and love.

When opening buds their odors sweet emit,
And flowers with superhuman skill and set,
And vegetation from the fruitful earth,
Of every kind receives spontaneous birth,
And into vegetable being springs,
Innumerable hosts of useful things.

Next comes the summer bringing in its train,
The joyous harvest of the ripened grain;
And thousand luxuries for greedy men;
Who oft consume and think not whence it came;
Nor are these all of summer's choicest charms,
She brings with her the bursting thunder storms.

The storm, which seeing, timid men amazed,
Stood back and on the sublime drama gazed,
While lightning flashing from the concave sky,
Bid man's gigantic works in atoms fly;
And the contending elements aloud
Proclaim the Almighty rides upon the cloud.

Next comes the autumn, bringing in its train
The howling winds and the slow driveling rain,
When in the groves once lovely and once green,
Now fall the leaves as fall the sons of men,
While at each eve the insect's mournful chime
Sings to our ear the knell of dying time.

Go autumn with thy sad solemnity,
Go bid the thoughtless turn, neglect and see,
Go, tell them time is fleeting, ere they run
Their race, and learn it not till time is gone;

Go to them with thy solemn warning voice,
And bid them seek than earth for higher joys.

Now comes the winter, and his icy hand
Is laid both on the water and the land;
And lake and river, pond and tiny stream,
Alike bound down in icy fetters seem,
While twittering snow-birds on the leafless trees,
Play on regardless of the chilling breeze.

Around the fireside now are gathered those,
In whose congenial hearts affection glows,
The young and fair in mirthful pleasure meet,
And those of every age each other greet;
While ever and anon keen breezes blow,
And winter clouds discharge their treasured snows.

Shall we not see in all, the great design
That truth and love in all these works combine,
And shall we from these things no lesson learn,
Shall we not view each season in its turn,
And learn if ne'er we knew so much before,
That God in heaven rules in love and power.

Shall we not view spring's delightful charms,
The summer's fruitful harvests and her storms,
Autumn and winter, and thus learn to know
Our lives are but a round of seasons too;
Nor is this all that we from this may learn,
If so we might to sad lamenting turn.

But if we study nature's volume fair,
We may behold Deity pictured there,

On all her pages love and wisdom shine,
Wisdom and love are marked in every line;
Her laws do of their Giver all declare,
His attributes, love, truth, and wisdom are.

HOME.

O sweet are thy endearments,
Thou well beloved home,
O let me thee remember,
If e'er from thee I roam.

Here were my first enjoyments,
Here are the friends I love;
Here in my first employments,
I first have learned to move.

O be thy memory hallowed,
Forget, O may I not,
The scenes of my youthful pleasures,
Around this lovely spot.

And when my years are numbered,
And all my race is run,
Then may I sweetly slumber,
Beneath my native sun.

THE FRIENDS WE LOVE.

The friends we love to us how dear,
How sweet are fond affection's ties,
How blest the thought, that all our tears
Flow not alone from our own eyes.

What consolation does it give,
When troubles deep surround, to know
That other bosoms for us heave,
While deep misfortune's waters flow.

Who has a painful lot to bear,
That has a friend beneath the sky,
That never finds sweet pleasure there,
A balm to soothe the rising sigh.

And even though misfortune's frown,
Hang not above our darksome way,
Though we with wealth and ease be crowned,
During our life's ephemeral day.

What were this life to us indeed,
If there were none our hearts could have,
None to sustain our aching heads,
As through the vale of tears we move.

Let us each others' sorrow share,
Let us each other learn to love,
So may we dry a thousand tears,
So may we well our time improve.

THE TRUTH.

The truth shall stand while ages flee,
To the returnless past;
The truth shall stand when time shall be,
Reckoned no more at last;
When revolutions of the spheres,
No more denote the passing years.

The truth shall stand while nations rise,
And thrones and kingdoms fall;
The truth shall stand while in the skies,
Earth shines a blazing ball.
Yes, firmly fixed the truth shall stand,
Firm as creation's strongest band!

Nations shall hasten to decay,
Kingdoms will rise no more,
Earth's brightest realms shall fade away,
As fades the morning flower;
But fadeless truth shall live at last,
When mortal things away have passed,

Thrones and dominions, stately powers,
And empires all must die,
So shall earth's most gigantic towers,
In moldering ashes lie.
Nations shall find oblivion's tomb,
And fire earth's sinful filth consume.

But changeless truth unchangeable,
Shall live while ages roll!
Its power, its limits, who can tell,
Who its effects control;
Before it he must shortly bend,
Who dares against its powers contend.

Ere long this dark terrestrial ball,
Refined by fire shall be,
Ere long the mighty Judge's call,
Earth trembling shall obey,

Before the great tribunal then,
Arraigned shall stand the sons of men.

The truth shall there her triumph see,
And all her sons shall sing,
The darkness to the darkness flee,
Like ice before the spring,
And the redeemed from every land,
Through Truth victorious shall stand.

THE DAWNING OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

'Twas on this consecrated land
That freedom dawned in splendor bright;
And 'round the star a glorious band
Gathered to hail the coming light.

A rapturous band of freedom's sons
Hastened to sing the lovely song;
And freeborn millions joined in one,
The sweet, harmonious sound prolong.

Hail to the day the beauteous morn
Enrobed in beams of gorgeous light,
Which like some pure, angelic form,
Has scattered all the shades of night.

Ten thousand tongues unite to sing,
The song of freedom's victory;
Which makes the mighty welkin ring,
Rejoice, rejoice, ye noble free.

And angels flew to join the strain,
And seraphs, too, their voices raised,

And then across the billowy main,
Bold Britain stood aghast, amazed.

Seraphic music filled the breeze;
Loud acclamations rolled on high,
Till freedom's bright, unfading tree,
Waved its bright foliage in the sky.

Liberty's banner was unfurled,
Into the breeze of heaven it rose,
Around it stood a wondering world,
Before it stood its conquered foes.

Once more did freemen raise their voice;
Once more creation's pillars shook;
Once more all christendom rejoiced,
Save Britain, who was horror struck.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN ELIZA AND JULIA.

Sister Julia, do you know
What can soothe the deepest woe,
What can make the heart of steel,
Quick with tenderness to feel?

What can make an enemy,
Soon our warmest friend to be,
What can friends more closely bind,
What relieve the care-worn mind?

Say, dear sister, can you tell,
Why the Savior came to dwell
On the earth with sinful men,
Lived, and deid, and rose again?

Yes, Eliza, it is love,
That the hardest heart can move;
Love subdues our enemies,
Strengthens friendship's former ties.

Love can buoy the spirits up,
Sweetness mix in every cup;
Yes, Eliza, it was love,
Brought the Savior from above.

Soon shall fade the vernal flowers,
Soon shall come life's winter hours;
But the flower of love shall bloom,
Fairest in the darkest gloom.

And when life's short hour is past,
And we all are saved at last,
As we sit by Heaven's pure stream,
Love shall be our happy theme.

THE LAST REPOSE.

There is a land where pilgrims rest,
When all their toils on earth are o'er,
A place where souls, by care oppres'd,
Shall happy be securely blest,
Forevermore.

There is a realm far, far more bright,
Than any that to earth belong;
There ever in unsullied light,
To praise around God's throne unite,
The blood-washed throng,

A while below must mortals roam;
A while on earth must sigh and weep;
Then in the drear, contracted tomb,
Where nought disturbs their silent gloom,
Their bodies sleep.

But soon the judgment day shall dawn,
And all the dead again shall live;
And they whose guilty stains are gone,
And who the Father's will have done,
Crowns shall receive.

Then shall the weary pilgrims rest,
Then shall his full rejoicing come;
Deep sighs no more shall heave his breast,
Then shall he be forever blest,
In that bright home.

KIND WORDS.

Go speak kind words to the orphan child,
Whose heart by affliction is riven;
Go speak to his spirit in accents mild,
Lest he to madness by sorrow be driven.
Go speak to his spirit by grief oppress'd,
Go whisper in gentle tone,
Speak kindly, for sorrow enough at best,
Along his dark pathway is strewn.

Go speak to the widow whose last earthly hope,
The clods of the valley now cover;
Go bid her with gladness to heaven look up,
For her sorrow shall shortly be over.

Go speak to her tenderly, heal the deep wound
That is made by affliction's sword;
Go speak, let the blossoms of gladness abound,
Go speak to her tenderly, words, kind words.

Go speak kind words to the aged man,
For he with life's tempest has striven;
O, hasten to bid him rejoice again,
As he nears the bright borders of heaven.
Go speak to him mildly for he has seen
Life's trials, and troubles, and cares;
Go speak to him mildly, in peace serene
Let him finish his latter years.

Go speak to the young, ere their feet shall run,
Unguarded, in vicious paths forbidden;
Speak kindly, and teach them the thorn to shun
That beneath the bright flower is hidden.
Go speak to manhood in every state,
Whether orphan, or widow, or aged or young;
Go speak, for the power of kind words is great,
With flowers, to bestrew life's pathway along.

WHERE IS LASTING BEAUTY TO BE FOUND?

I asked the aged man whose silvery locks betokened that his complement of three score years was well nigh full. He said:—

Oh, seek it not as I have sought it, lest thou in hoary age have cause thy folly to lament. I have sought Beauty in the lovely groves where the clear, murmuring brook warbled sweetly through secluded spots bounded by verdant hills; and the breeze and

zephyr stole softly on, laden with the rich perfume from off a thousand opening flowers. And sweet woodland songsters poured out melody on every passing gale. Here, said I to my heart, is the thing which thou seekest. Rejoice, my soul, and be glad; here will I take up my abode. But I returned and it was faded; the trees had lost their beautiful dress, and all the beauties of the forest were gone. I turned away and wept, and as I wept I raised my eyes and beheld a lovely female; she was clad in youthful simplicity, and her feet had not entered far in vicious paths. She was not swift to run in the way of evil-doers. Her garments seemed yet unspotted by earth's baser sins. She seemed an angel which had descended from heaven to bless the earth with her presence. I said here is the prize, shall this beauty ever fade? Surely Heaven has not created an object on which nature has expended all her skill to make it beautiful, only to fade! But I looked again and it was even so. The rose had fled from her cheek to return no more. And as for her inner beauties they were gone, and rank debasement grew where once fair innocence had bloomed, and moral prostration dwelt where once pure and holy emotions were wont to move.

I turned away and wept, and as I wept I lifted up my eyes and beheld a figure divinely fair, whose essence was love to God and man. It was possessed by a man. It was the immortal mind. This is the immortal beauty. This is the unfading flower. Seek, young man, with sleepless diligence to be useful in the world, and discharge thy duty well. So shalt

thou be a fadeless flower, that hours of adversity and winters of affliction can never wither, but which shall open brighter and brighter until at last it fades from earth only to be transplanted in a happier clime to bloom in full perfection there where groves are forever green and flowers forever fresh. Where sweet choristers of heaven sing happy anthems of redeeming love. Where saints redeemed, and angel voices, join to sing a new song through endless days and years.

ADDRESS TO THE ROSE.

Bloom on, fair rose, sweetly bloom,
With fragrance fill the passing gale;
Ope, for the lovely spring has come,
In green to dress each hill and vale.
Bloom on, for to thy lovely form
Heaven hath given a thousand charms.

Although through mists but dimly I
Thy lovliness, sweet rose, can see,
Still let my sweetest measures fly
In humble song, admiring thee.
Thou merit'st well a passing line
From mightier pens than mine.

When first the morning's beaming kiss
The eastern hills in balmy May,
When first the night's o'erhanging mists
Are driven by the dawn away;
When flowing streams of liquid light
Dispel the gloom of sullen night;

When nature smiles, and in the groves,
By thousand songsters, sweet are sung
Those happy songs of changeless love,
And praise to God from untaught tongues;
When buoyant feel the hearts of men,
As though their sorrows had an end;—

'Tis then thou fairest seem'st, sweet rose,
'Tis then thy beauties brighter shine,
While yet the lingering morning dews
Upon thy fragrant leaves recline.
As love's bright tear drops on the cheek
Of nature, while she cannot speak.

Weeping o'er man's depravity,
Weeping that one who once was great,
Who once in Eden's garden free,
Unsullied stood in high estate,
Has fallen now, debased and low,
To drink the cup of pain and woe.

Bloom on sweet rose, a few short hours,
And thou, like dreams, shalt pass away;
So fade, like thee, earth's fairest flowers,
So ends, like thee, man's fleeting day.
Thou for a moment thus shalt bloom,
And then again thy dust resume.

Bloom on, sweet flower, thou soon shalt die,
And to thy mother dust return,
Thy lovely form shalt faded lie,
And never know it e'er was born.
So shalt thou sweetly close thy days,
By men admired, loved and praised.

But I who sing this humble song,
A while must bear life's cares and pains,
Then leave the world to join the throng,
That traverse Heaven's delightful plains;
That sing celestial anthems sweet,
Of love at the Redeemer's feet.

But let me still contented me,
Though dark appear the lowering skies,
Though roughly dash life's troubled sea,
And fearful storms each hour arise;
Still in me let contentment bloom,
Till I with joy be gathered home.

THE THINGS THAT I LOVE.

I love the beauteous sunset,
Whose last expiring ray
Breaks from the western distance,
To mark the close of day.

I love the mild moonlight,
I love the stilly eve,
As she comes in gentle sweetness,
The weary to relieve.

I love the midnight moment,
I love the rosy morn,
When light's first gorgeous beamings
Each hill and vale adorn.

I love the shady forest,
In sweet and blushing May,

When thousand spreading leaflets,
Their loveliness display.

I love the verdant meadow,
I love the flowing stream,
I love the warbler's music,
No poet's idle dream.

Yes, all those scenes of nature,
Indeed I love them well,
Nor are these half the things I love,
Too numerous to tell.

The vernal insects singing,
And autumn's slower chime,
In solemn tones proclaiming,
The fleeting march of time.

I love the loftier wonders,
Of God's almighty hand,
When with terrific thunder
He shakes the sea and land.

When the ethereal concave,
A blazing furnace seems,
And echoing thunders waken,
The slumberer from his dreams.

When dashing winds and waters,
And vivid lightnings flame,
To men, in lovely symbol,
Jehovah's power proclaim.

Then indeed I love it,
Though through a mist I see

God's mighty works and wonders,
His awful majesty.

But there's a loftier object,
That better far I love,
The mild and loving spirit,
So like the gentle dove.

I love the warm heart's throbbing,
I love the noble mind,
Where wisdom, truth, and virtue
In beauty are combined.

FAME.

There are two things of which almost all men are covetous, and after which they grasp with ever unabating, but rather increasing vigor, and with which the insatiable mind is never satisfied, namely, riches and renown. There are those who seem bent on amassing fortunes, caring but little how they do it. They do it honorably if they can, if not, dishonest means will be made to assume a slight appearance of honesty; and there are those whose determination it seems to be to stand on fame's proud pinnacle caring but little whether they gain its hights by good or by evil deeds. There are two kinds of fame. The one an empty shadow, the other that fame which is the fruit of love and wisdom's labor for the good of man. There are those who build their edifice on unsubstantial foundations, whose corner stone is selfishness; whose great pillar is ambition.

Renown is honorable when merited; but better is

he whose name is not known a dozen miles round, he who lives in honest obscurity, better is he if his heart be clean, and his conscience clear from any foul misdeeds to gain distinction, than Alexander or Napoleon, or all those others whose names but dimly shine on history's page, through brave men's blood, and orphans' sighs and widows' tears. Merited fame is worth contending for, but the shadow let men avoid. Who would exchange the fame of Washington, the brilliant laurels that he won, for all the glory of the ancient heroes that went forth to battle, but not in the name of right, nor in a holy cause. Who would exchange the glory of those who for the truth have laid down their lives; or of those noble minds and mighty pens that have in all ages boldly proclaimed the truth fearless of consequences. Who would exchange their glory, their renown, for that of all those who have disgraced philosophy's pages? Not he that is wise. There have been those who have written their names on history's page in lines of blood, and who on heaps of dead have traveled up to fame, whose end was self-glorification rather than the good of men. But such fame may I never enjoy. It is a canker in the breast; eating the vitals of the heart, searing the conscience, corrupting the soul, pregnant with more of evil than of good. He is great that is good. And he is worthy of renown whose generous heart flows constantly out in love to men. Whose noble mind is ever engaged in conceiving plans for the accomplishment of the high purpose of his soul. He it is whose way the fair virgin fame should light up with refulgence, and

whose name should be heralded abroad, whether he be the descendant of a vassal or a king: whether he be the owner of millions, or the humble tiller of a few acres of soil, still he is worthy of fame and let him have it.

TRUTH.

Better is poverty with a clear conscience than wealth with growing thistles in the breast. Few are more wretched or more debased than those whose god is self. True love and friendship are supports to the mind; but deceit is a baneful canker searing and withering the soul. Deceit is in the mouths of hypocrites and on the tongues of liars. He that loves external beauty loves a shadow; but he that loves the beauty of the soul loves substance. Deeds of valor belong to the battle field, but works of love to the fireside. Let chieftains boast of triumphs over armies, but let me boast of triumph over self. The ambitious man seeks happiness in fame, and the avaricious man seeks it in wealth; but the virtuous man seeks and finds it in doing good.

MY CHOICE.

Let others seek for wealth or fame,
A high renown, a glittering name;
Let misers heap the shining gold,
And kings aspire to rule the world.

Let others urge for death or life,
Ambition's oft unrighteous strife,

While thousand ever eager, press
To fortune, seeking happiness.

On glory's hights let others stand,
The scepter wield with mighty hand,
And proud ambition seek for power,
And men ascend fame's highest tower.

But grant me, heaven, the peaceful home,
A spot where pure affections bloom;
O, grant me a kind, unchanging friend,
My every step through life to attend.

A home where love may sweetly vine,
And thousand wreaths for me entwine,
Where loving hearts may cluster round,
And breasts heave with affection fond.

And if renowned I e'er shall be,
Oh grant, kind Providence, to me,
Not fame for spilling precious blood,
But fame for simply doing good.

A FEW WORDS TO YOUNG READERS.

There is a peculiar class of people in the world whose sole occupation seems to be to devise and perpetrate witticisms, and whose chief delight seems to be in this employment. This class of individuals is generally found in young society. Ever and anon you hear them multiplying, adding, splicing, and prolonging, until to measure the endless string of jokes, and rigs, and funny expressions with ten ropes would be impossible.

They evidently think it a mark of smartness or intellectual superiority, (if you prefer that term,) now for our own part we are decidedly in favor of some wit. It is the spice of our mental food. But too much spice certainly spoils the dish. We know that without some wit a young person's life would be comparatively dull; we know it because we are young ourself. But we do not consider this any argument that persons should follow up an incessant round of light conversation, as though nothing else were worthy of their attention. We are willing to allow something for persons affected with that fearful and often fatal malady called love, or matrimonial fever. But even then we feel like pitying the young gentleman who possesses a mind of so small a capacity, that one young lady should completely fill it, leaving room for nothing else, or the young lady in the same relative condition. Our young readers may think us rather severe, but we repeat that we believe in humor and wit. But there are extremes to everything; and in many things a medium is certainly the best ground to stand upon. Now what we wish to arrive at is this. Be careful, young friends, to temper your conversation with prudence; if you wish to possess a reputation you should not expect to build it on wit. There are topics enough on which it is our duty, and on which it should be our pleasure to converse with candor and seriousness. And if you expect to be intelligent, and to be counted so, you should give these subjects your attention.

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

'Tis sweet to meditate at eve,
When busy cares no more oppress,
When solitude comes to relieve,
And give us sweet secluded rest.

I love in silence, all alone,
To hold sweet converse with my mind,
And o'er the fields of thought to roam,
And dainty pleasures there to find.

'Tis then the mind with freedom plays,
And then unreined thought freely moves
Through all its boundless realms of space,
And touch the themes that most it loves.

Can dwell on those our hearts hold dear,
And make more strong affection's band,
Then soar beyond the bound of air,
And on the constellations stand.

I love, when others close their eyes,
To muse upon earth's passing scenes,
Then bid my enchanted spirit rise,
And touch on nature's loftier themes.

For seasons of unmingled bliss,
For hours of unalloyed delight,
For moments of the choicest peace,
Give me the quiet hour of night.

MUSINGS AT EVE.

There's music in the twilight hour,
When all is calm and still,
When breezes soft steal sweetly o'er,
Each streamlet, plain and hill.

To sit in silence all alone,
In some secluded grove,
And dwell in meditation on
The themes that most we love.

To think of loved ones ever dear,
Of fond associates gay,
Or let our thoughts ascend to where
The stars in silence play.

When Luna's silver light gleams forth,
To render sweet the hour,
Oh, then a paradise is earth,
Our groves an Eden bower.

A ray of sunshine then appears,
To light life's lowering skies,
And hopes spring up for other years,
Like flowers of paradise.

Oh, yes, there's pleasure in that hour,
A bliss no tongue can tell,
A holy rapture sweet and pure,
That all the soul can fill.

NECESSITY OF MORAL AS WELL AS INTELLECTUAL EDUCATION.

There is an idea entertained by many parents that if they can secure a neat fortune that is counted in dollars and cents for their children, and especially if to this they add a slight knowledge of some of the most common branches of learning, they have done all that parental obligations and the natural law of humanity require. That this idea is fallacious I will not now attempt to prove. There is another idea among other persons equally absurd. That a few sessions at some college of high repute added to a half finished course at the Common School, and set off by a shining diploma, are sufficient to prepare young men and women to enter upon life's ever changing scenes. This is certainly erroneous. Even a thorough scientific education alone never can qualify us accountable, intellectual beings to act in that wonderful and complicated drama in which all of us must, sooner or later, if life be spared, participate.

The heart must be educated as well as the head. The moral field must be cultivated as well as the intellectual. And to neglect either one wilfully is the hight of culpability. But to educate the head and leave the heart unattended to is but little better than wasting time. It may be worse. For what am I, though I have traveled through all the explored extent of science; though my imagination can look through the truthful telescope of science, and behold each shining constellation, and note its position, and see in science's light each brilliant star; and though I

may account for the retention of the earth and all her sister planets within their legitimate orbits by the opposite influence of force, centripetal and centrifugal; though I may bathe my forhead in yonder milky way; or if I, descending from those giddy hights prefer to move in a more contracted sphere; what though I am enabled to explain those mighty phenomena of nature, the thunder, so often called Jehovah's voice, and the vivid lightning's brilliant flash that sends sensations of awe with resistless power through the very soul of man, as trembling he beholds; though I can explain the means by which evaporised water is made subservient to the will of man, and auxiliary to the accomplishment of his purpose, and the cause of its immense motive power; and though I may by chemical laws account for the changes which matter undergoes; and explain many of the wonderful, and otherwise mysterious phenomena of nature; though I be wedded to and familiar with that fairest of all sciences, Mathematics, which borrows her light from God's eternal laws, and like the moon reflects her light with sweet resplendence on all the other sciences, without which small indeed would have been the accomplishments of man, and few his triumphs in learning; in fine: though I am perfect in all that man has ever known; yet what am I if there shine not forth in me wisdom and virtue, and all the glorious combinations of pure and heaven-born principles which alone can make the man? What am I without those golden moral adornments which alone can make me beautiful? An empty shell, a passing shadow, a thing that fools

might well deride and wise men pity. And what are all my brilliant intellectual arguments, with all my powers of mind? A flashing meteor that hastens to disappear. Then if such be the importance of moral as well as intellectual culture, and I hold that both reason and example establish the truth of my position, how important that we, as reasonable beings, having immortal minds, seek with assiduous diligence to secure the proper education of our moral man, lest our intellect be as a mighty man that stretcheth forth his hand to do evil.

THE RED MAN'S LAMENTATION.

Away from his own native home,
The red man, disconsolate hies,
For the merciless white man is come,
And beyond him the red man now flies.

From the forest, the home and the place
Of many a long cherished scene;
For the white man will leave not a trace,
To show that the red man hath been.

From the banks of the beautiful streams,
Where once he was wont to repose,
Indulging in slumbers and dreams,
With spirits dejected he goes.

Away to the far distant West,
All lonely he hastens along,
While heaves with emotion his breast,
As he breathes forth his last plaintive song.

I'll sit down in sad silence here,
I'll bury my face in the dust,
And rejoice at the swift flying year,
That bears my faint spirit to rest.

The bright sun shall rise as before,
And shine on the young and the fair,
But he'll light up the wigwam no more,
For the pale face's dwelling is there.

Each eve he in beauty will sit,
Adorning the gray mountain's brow;
But the red man, Oh! where is his tribe,
All scattered and desolate now.

Each night when the bright sun is gone,
And the moon in her beauty appears,
I'll wander in silence alone,
And there shed my sorrowing tears.

When the nightingale's notes I shall hear,
As her song in sweet volumes ascend,
So sweet and so lovely and clear,
My song shall with Philomel's blend.

I'll sojourn in loneliness here,
At my home in the far distant West,
Till bright seraph's my spirit shall bear,
Away to its last peaceful rest.

WOMAN.

Woman has been the the theme in prose and verse of many writers, who were far more able to do the subject justice than myself. But I must be allowed to speak forth my sentiments, in the hope, that by the blessing of Providence, they may throw an atom in the balance in favor of truth and right.

Woman, in her proper sphere, properly attending to her legitimate duties, is a brilliant star, a golden adornment, without which society would be a mockery, a blank, a thing whose existence would be imaginary, not real. She it is whose gentle hand can smoothe the pillow in sickness, who places a drop of sweetness in every bitter cup, and darts a ray of sunshine into every bitter gloom. She it is to whom as citizens of our country, as members of society, and as men possessing immortal minds we owe gratitude for a great part of our good impressions and good traits of character; when man is toiling in the field to earn food for our mouths, and raiment for our bodies, she is toiling to train us up in the way in which we should go. She is toiling to lead our youthful, errant feet in the path of rectitude. She is laboring to instil into our hearts high and holy principles of morality, and a happy love of all that is pure and holy and ennobling to man; she is laboring to instruct us morally, and it may be scientifically, that we may be useful.

Yes, let man to woman be deferential and grateful, loving and true, for she merits his highest regards and unwavering constancy. Such is woman while she

remains within her legitimate sphere, doing her holy and heaven appointed work, occupying the truly dignified station which God has assigned her.

But there are those of that sex,—O, lamentable truth! to tell, who occasionally overleap those bounds. And when a woman has once fairly started out in the service of the evil one, he has few, few indeed, more powerful agents. Let a woman once set her heart and stretch forth her hand to evil, and she becomes, (if the reader will pardon the rough expression) a devil incarnate.

By the lovliness and the noble qualities of her sex, by the dear name of woman, she is counterwoven in the very character of man, imbibed, as it were, into the very centre of his heart like gold in the quartz Hence her influence in society, and hence her ability to do mischief.

The beauteous shell contains a fearful bane,
Which those who touch will fear to touch again;
The lovely flower secretes a bearded thorn,
By which the hand that plucks is often torn.

Man, in the heat of passion, in the moment of exasperation, when an ungovernable temper bids silent stand his better judgment, may raise his hand to slay his fellow-man; and he may even for a selfish or malicious purpose, in cold blood, perform the deed. But a woman full of malice, and possessing an evil disposition seeks with her tongue to murder the reputation, and stamp an undying stigma on the character. I suppose it is hardly necessary for me to say that I do not impute this to the female sex as a body; for

what I have already said is sufficient to clear me of that.

But there are those among them, (though I say it with no pleasure but rather with pain) to whom my language too well applies.

Woman, whoever you be, where do you stand? what position do you occupy? Perhaps you have children; and does everything that is afloat in the neighborhood enter in at your ear and out at your mouth, and that too in your children's presence, and to their knowledge? Are you training them up to be useful men and women, or have you delighted in the vicious course just alluded to, and are you leading them on in the same path with yourself? If so, believe me when I tell you that you may thus be training a son for the gallows, or a daughter for a life-long disgrace; and for what beyond this world I cannot say.

On woman, as a mother, there rests a ponderous responsibility, which can only be removed by the full and assiduous discharge of her duty in that noble but responsible capacity. If the responsibility is not thus removed it might stand against you one day in condemnation. Nor is this all the influence of your example on your children; unless counteracted by some interposition of beneficent heaven, it will reach to the third and fourth generation, and carry along with it its blighting evils.

CHILDHOOD.

How blest are thy moments, how many thy pleasures,
How full thy enjoyments, how sweet are thy treasures;
Scarce a dark, lowering cloud ever seem'st to hang oe'r thee,
While pleasures delightful seem waiting before thee.

How full is thy measure, thy sweet cup of bliss,
How merry thy laughter, how joyous thy lisp;
O! happy would monarchs and emperors be,
If ever sweet childhood forever like ihee.

Kind heaven to earth a bright jewel hath given,—
'Tis childhood, the beautiful emblem of heaven,
Where angels and seraphs as children unite,
To sing and to praise in those blest realms of light.

THE POLITICAL MILLENIUM.

Behold, behold the day is come,
Behold the morning dawns,
Oppression hears its awful doom,
And trembles on its throne;
With frantic rage the tyrants seize
The arm of war to break the peace.

Let nations gathering to the war,
For liberty contend,
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Let the oppressed attend,

To strike for liberty and right,
Against oppression's fiendish might.

Now bleeding Hungary ready stands,
  Her shining sword is drawn;
Fair Italy's patriotic band,
  Is waiting to go on.
While Poland pants to join the train,
And shed her blood, her right to gain.

In every land unnumbered cries
  Go up from the oppressed;
In every land unnumbered sighs
  Rise from the troubled breast.
The cup is full and running o'er,
And nations can endure no more.

To battle let the world go forth;
  Let nations boldly rise,
Let blood bestain the fruitful earth,
  And smoke becloud the skies;
For so 'twill be, hell will not yield,
Till crimson'd be the battle-field.

Then let the mighty deed be done,
  Let might and truth combine,
Till brighter than the noonday sun,
  Freedom resplendent shine.
Till man no more his fellows rule,
And dried be tyranny's dark pool.

Till freedom and the Gospel bless
  Each long afflicted clime;

Till come earth's sweetest day of rest,
Before the close of time.
Till foul oppression be not known,
Amid the blaze of freedom's sun.

Oh then lift up your heads ye hills,
Ye blooming deserts sing,
And know with joy, ye playful rills,
Jehovah is the king.
No more shall nations groan in chains,
Jehovah rules, Jehovah reigns.

BE CONTENTED.

Does sorrow frown upon thee now,
The sun may shine to-morrow,
And all be cheerful here below,
Then care not for this sorrow.

A few more days and it shall end,
And all thy cares be over,
A few more days and thou shalt then,
A lasting rest discover.

Do foul misrepresenters slander,
And liars seek to anger?
The lie must to the truth surrender,
Fear not there is no danger.

The evil heart may bear deceit,
And fools may carry malice;
But we with love and truth can beat
Whatever may assail us.

Do deep misfortunes weigh thee down,
And adverse winds oppose?
While others wear the glittering crown,
And walk where pleasure flows.

Still peace and joy they seldom feel,
Who sail on wealth's smooth river,
To them the bliss our homes can yield,
Remains unknown forever.

Do vicious men deceive with lies,
And loved ones false betray thee?
Fear not, they'll fall, but thou wilt rise,
They little can delay thee.

The haughty world may laugh to scorn,
And rough may roll life's billow,
But laughing fools shall find a thorn,
In every downy pillow.

The grasping man may have his hour
Of sweet, pretended pleasure;
But brighter is contentment's flower,
A fairer, better treasure.

THE PATH OF DUTY.

The path of duty is the only path of safety. And not only so, but it is the only path to peace and happiness here, and life eternal hereafter. Duty is the road and death is the gate to heaven.

LOVE.

Love is the essence of existence, without which existence would be hell and there would be no heaven. Love is a beautiful stream, whose fountain head is in heaven. It flows into the heart of man, making fertile the otherwise barren spot, causing the desert to blossom, and converting the sterile valley into an elysian field. O, holy Love, thy value who can tell!

Give me not idle flattery sweet,
Nor seas of shining gold,
For 'tis a mass of sheer deceit,
Of icy chillness cold.

But give to me the better part,
Pure love where'er I rove;
And let me find in other hearts
A corresponding love.

ATTEND TO OUR OWN BUSINESS.

Who can tell the amount of this life's troubles that might be avoided, how many life-long heart-burnings might be prevented, how many ties of friendship might be preserved unbroken, which are not, by simply attending to our own business. I do not mean by this to advocate the adoption of a selfish course —I'll help myself and you may do the best you can. No; we should be helpful to each other. Always willing to lend a hand to help a neighbor out of difficulties, but never to help him into them.

But what I have reference to is a certain class of

individuals who seem never so well satisfied as when they are attending to the concerns of those around them, when really those around them need none of their assistance. They are like fools counseling the wise. They are ever busy with long tongues and nimble hands, but diminutive mental capacity, contributing more to confusion than elucidation.

Let us attend to our own business, and let that of our neighbor alone, except when we act in kindness, and from the love of doing good. So we may avoid a world of trouble, and escape an ocean of ill-will.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE AT HOME IN PEACE.

The hero falls upon the field,
  The wounded victors die,
While to his arms the vanquished yield,
  Or in disorder fly.

The mighty empire's emperor sinks
  Within his shining hall,
While pomp and splendor gather round,
  To mourn his helpless fall.

The men of high renown in state,
  'Mid splendor fade away,
While glittering thousands mourning wait
  Around his lifeless clay.

I would not die like one of these,
  'Mid pomp and empty show,
I'd rather die where home's sweet joys
  Like streams of nectar flow.

Yes, let me, when my years are full,
'Mid home's sweet pleasures die,
Where friendship's flower may blossom o'er,
The spot where I shall lie.

Sweet home, may I at last incline,
Within thy sacred soil,
And know no more of empty things,
Nor dream of care and toil.

No royal hand I ask to smooth
My pillow in that hour;
All, all I ask is fadeless love,
The bright, celestial flower.

TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Wave on ye glorious stripes and stars,
Wave o'er Columbia's happy land,
From calm Pacific's eastern shore,
To bold Atlantic's western strand.

Over north and south unfurl your fold,
And shelter all from east to west,
No sections know, none but the whole,
All, all alike by heaven blest.

Though traitor's hands would you defile,
And leave you in the dust to trail,
Still wave, as wave ye ever shall,
For heaven's designs can never fail.

Forever thrice accursed be
The hand that would our banner stain,

And break our bonds of unity,
And rend our Union dear in twain.

Go, traitor, where the filthy pool,
Of tyranny rolls its dark wave,
Go revel there, thou reckless fool,
And in its base pollution lave.

Nor let thy feet polluted soil,
The ground where patriots have bled,
Through days and years of infinite toil,
To rear an infant nation's head.

Touch not this land, thou art not clean,
Thou art the vilest of the vile,
Thou'd lift thy hand in fiendish spleen
Against Omniscient heaven's will.

But still wave on ye stars and stripes,
Wave on unstained, untorn, unsoiled,
Till human tears away be wiped,
And foul oppression's power be spoiled.

Let patriot hearts more closely draw,
The ties that bind us State to State,
So shall we check the traitor's blow,
And so avoid the martyr's fate.

A CLEAR CONSCIENCE.

Give me a conscience free from stain,
And let me know I am right,
Then let vain men and devils vend
At me their unavailing spite.

Let Hell oppose, let Earth deride,
Let slander speed on lightning's wings,
Yet I amid the storm shall stand,
And fearless still my song shall sing.

To me a whirlwind is but play,
A thousand darts are welcome here,
With an approving God and heart,
I will not flinch, I never fear.

TO LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer little children to come unto me for such is the kingdom of Heaven."—BIBLE.

Come little children, come to me,
The Savior bids you come,
Ye are earth's brighter, fairer gems,
Her sweetest flowers that bloom.

Of such his kingdom is made up,
God loves the little child,
O joyous thought, O, blessed hope,
It makes affliction mild.

The holy angels round His throne,
Like children daily sing,

Eternal songs of filial love,
To God their Heavenly king.

Far, far away in that sweet clime,
Mid golden beauties fair,
When all have seen the end of time,
Ye may be gathered there.

Then little children learn the way
Of holy truth and love,
That you in that ecstatic day,
May join the throng above.

GOD EXISTS.

Who doubts that God exists, come reason now.
With serious candor laying prejudice
Aside. Where prejudice should ever be,
Aside from God's high word his holy writ,
Which thou of course wouldst doubt, we'll turn away
And on sweet nature in her various forms
Reflect, and answer if thou canst, what I
Shall ask, tell if thy law of chance wilt thee
Support against the arm of reason strong.
Whence comes this regularity in things?
The morning dawns, the day grows old and dies,
The night comes on in darkness deep and thick
With sable curtain to enshroud the hills,
The stars appear and with their silver light
All nature sublime with paler beams;
While Luna in her course moves gently on,
A shining resplendence to each passing scene;
The night it disappears, the dawn returns,

The rising sun moves on, the day grows old
And dies again, the night again returns.
So with the seasons ever constantly
They change, nor change in vain, for thou vain man
Would'st soon the bitter fruits of folly see,
Should'st thou but have, e'en for a little while,
Thy ideal chance to rule the passing year.
But why is it, since thou wilt own no God,
Why is it that the seasons change, and why
Does earth move on ever revolving in her path,
And on her axis bringing day and night,
And measuring by years the lease of time?
If chance govern all things, why this, and why
Do stars their glory bright each night display?
Why does the moon her nightly duties do?
Why does the sun his radiant glories shed
On the ungrateful recipient of
God's daily mercies, to his creature man?
Why do the fruitful showers descend to moist
The earth, that it may all thy wants supply?
Or why does vegetation yield its fruit?
Away unbelieving, vain, stubborn man,
Self-willed and arrogant deceptive man
Away, go preach thy doctrine to the trees
And stumps, and to the dens and caves of earth,
For men of real sense will ne'er believe,
A thing which nature proves to be a lie;
Go, go in peace, hell were too good for thee,
But God is merciful as well as just;
Bow down in sackcloth and in ashes low,
Thy sins acknowledge and thy guilt confess,
Give up thy vile fallacious creed and bow,

And own Jehovah over thee and all
The great first principle supremely high.

BEAUTY IN GOD'S ARRANGEMENTS.

When summer's sun in glory sinks to rest,
And lingering rays adorn the distant west,
When crimsoned clouds float round on wings of air,
What gorgeous beauty is presented there.

And when the rising sun majestic bright,
Plants on the eastern hills in beamy light
The shining empress of his radiant power,
While at his coming smiles each flower;

When the autumnal leaves comes rustling down,
And countless myriads bestrew the ground,
Then there's a sweet, a solemn loveliness,
Stamped on the moment as it hurries past.

When spring in all her loveliness bursts forth,
To plant her flowery footstep on the earth,
And with her maiden hands to adorn the trees,
And scatter rich perfumes on every breeze,

O there are seen those golden beauties then,
Which to describe must baffle every pen,
Whose beauties which the tongue can never tell,
Not by the power of man describable.

And when Jehovah riding on the storm,
Gives to the gathering cloud a fearful form,
When darkness thick the moving mass pervades,
And forked lightnings play unchecked, unstayed;

Whenever to the east the cloud has gone,
And in the west appears the brilliant sun,
What dazzling beauties may each eye behold,
As heaven to man the lovely scene unfolds.

See it and fear it, ye who impious are,
Who to contend against the Almighty dare,
Mercy there is for you if you'll receive,
But rolling thunders tell that justice lives.

Mercy entreats you to your sins forsake,
That you may with angelic hosts partake,
Justice for mercy's sake subduedly bows,
But when kind mercy fails his sword he draws.

There's beauty in the verdant mead and lawn,
And in the lily and the rose full blown;
There's beauty in the ocean and the isle,
And in the valley and in the mountain pile.

There's beauty in God's works, where e'er I rove,
I see and feel his wisdom and his love,
And no reflecting, honest, noble mind,
In God's arrangements beauty fails to find.

THE AIM OF LIFE.

Man seems originally to have been created for the sole purpose of glorifying his creator and of enjoying felicity. Since the entrance of sin into the world, however, things seem to have undergone a change, and other aims, and other ends seem to demand his attention. There is grief to be assuaged; there are

pains to be soothed; there are affiictions to be alleviated; there are seductive influences to be counteracted; snares to be shunned, and souls to be reclaimed from the paths of error. None of this would have been, had man maintained his primeval purity —had Milton's female monster sin kept closed the gates of hell. But since this is not so—we have duties that call on us for a performance. Each one of us has or should have an aim, an end of life, and that aim should be to do good, that end should be to elevate and benefit mankind—to do deeds of charity and love.

High aim indeed to smooth the road to Heaven,
To guide aright life's bark by tempests driven;
High end Almighty God to glorify,
And to obtain the blest felicity.

It is in our power, and it is our happy privilege while sojourning here, to make this ephemeral existence bright with acts of love. Nothing can reflect sweeter resplendence on our lives than to do all the good we can. No sweeter, happier, more delightful recollection can float across our mind in the dying hour, than that of having done all the good we could; of having made use of every practicable means to benefit our fellowmen. Then let me be useful. Help me, O God! all my dependence is in thee—to my feeble efforts to do good, in whatever direction they may be put forth, add thy strength. That whether I be called to walk in public or private life; whether I stand upon the mountain top or wander low down in the valley—still may I be an instrument in thy hands of accomplishing good; that when my few

short years are spent, and my pilgrimage is terminated, I may lay down in peace, conscious of not having been a useless cumberer. That I may sweetly pass away to that rest where sorrows end—where tribulations are no more. That I may be transplanted to gardens celestial, there to bloom beside the waters of life forever; where countless springs of joy well forth eternally; where rivers of pure delight forever flow; where vernal beauties never fade, and heavenly fruits are ever ripening; where necterine streams meander through shady bowers, while angels gather round to drink celestial sweets; where seraphic choirs and saints redemed unite in holy unity and concord, to sing the new song. Yes, let me be useful—let me endeavor to do well that for which I am in the world—that a clear conscience and an approving God may support me in life's last scenes, and that that glorious end may be mine when life is done.

THE END.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 762 770 3